

SERENITY

ENJOYMENT

AUGUST 1976 VOLUME V, No. 8

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Presenting *The Living Light* philosophy and
features of interest to spiritually-minded people.

Serenity

Sentinel

VOLUME V, No. 8

AUGUST 1976

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Accepting Our Birthright

by Richard P. Goodwin

The topic for discussion, *Accepting Our Birthright*, means more to us than accepting life the way we think it is because life the way we think it is, is constantly changing because we, in truth, are constantly changing. Our lives are

... it is through that memory par excellence that that inner something guides our lives into the experiences and the lessons that are necessary for our own eternal freedom . . . happiness, joy and peace of mind.

not the way they were ten or twenty years ago. They will not be the same for us ten or twenty years from today.

Our soul entered this earth plane in keeping with the evolutionary laws of nature. When our soul-our true iden-

tity, our true being—came to earth, it brought with it in its memory par excellence all of the experiences and the lessons to be learned and that had been learned on our evolutionary journey. Deep within our consciousness lies this memory par excellence and it is through that memory par excellence that that inner something guides our lives into the experiences and the lessons that are necessary for our own eternal freedom, happiness, joy and peace of mind.

And so it is that we look at life and we see so many experiences taking place within us, around us and about us. And often the question arises within our consciousness, why is this happening to me? Why am I experiencing this disaster in my life? I have tried to do

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what is right and yet my experiences are not as pleasant as they should be.

... when . . . we view life from the seat of judgment, we guarantee those lessons and experiences necessary that we may surrender our thoughts and dictates of right and wrong. . .

My good friends, because we have decided to do what is right, then we have judged what is right, and because we have judged what is right, we have established a law in our consciousness to bring to us all experiences necessary to free us from the bondage of our own judgments. For judgment is based solely, wholly and completely upon the accepted experiences, upon the thinking that we will permit our minds to entertain, and the thinking that one mind permits itself to entertain is not always what other minds permit themselves to entertain. And so when it is that we view life from the seat of judgment, we guarantee those lessons and experiences

... when we find . . . experiences in life unpleasant . . . step back in consciousness and view their cause, not their effects . . .

necessary that we may surrender our thoughts and dictates of right and wrong for that that is taking place in life herself.

This soul evolution, establishing laws of untold centuries ago, goes on regardless of what we choose to think or choose not to think. For the lessons that we are encountering are, in truth, what is absolutely and indispensably necessary for our own peace and freedom. And when we find these experiences in life that are so unpleasant, let us step

... we are an inseparable part of a united consciousness . . . whatever changes we make within our own mind has a direct and an indirect effect upon all minds.

back in consciousness and view their cause, not their effects, but their causes. We cannot view the cause of anything that we are involved in. We must step back in our mind and look from a vantage point of objectivity to see, in truth, where we really are, not where we think we are, but where we really are. We bear a great responsibility in entering this earth realm for we have come to earth with untold centuries of experiences and lessons.

And so it's like walking on

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a treadmill. If we do not stop and pause to think, we will continue to revolve in the same level of consciousness century after century after century. For multitudes of souls on earth and those who have gone before us already know that a change is necessary within their own mind, for they know beyond a shadow of any doubt that they have a job to do. They also know that that job they have to do they have not yet begun to do.

*... thoughts indeed are forms,
so unless we make an effort to
entertain thoughts that are
harmonious and peaceful and
in keeping with ... nature,
we will experience ...
distorted forms.*

And so my good souls, let us awaken within our own mind and let us face our personal responsibility for what we have to do in life. We did not come here to simply enjoy the pleasures that earth has to offer us, that is only a very minute part of the wholeness of our being. So often people think, well what can they as one soul, as one individual do to improve life itself? Let us not forget that we are an inseparable part of a united consciousness, that whatever changes we make within our

own mind has a direct and an indirect effect upon all minds. Although we cannot often consciously see this effect, we are indeed a part of the cause.

*... let us accept our true
birthright, ... the lessons
and the experiences that we
encounter in life ... are
what ... we alone have set
into motion that we may grow
through them, that ... is what
life is all about.*

We look at life and rarely care to think about leaving this earth realm, but transition is no respecter of people or age. And so we must be prepared in our own thoughts, in our own mind of what we are going to do when we leave this physical body, for it will come to us much sooner than we care to think about it coming to us. And our mind will go with us and we will experience all the things that our mind has and is creating. You have often heard the truth spoken that thoughts are more than things, that thoughts indeed are forms, so unless we make an effort to entertain thoughts that are harmonious and peaceful and in keeping with the laws of balance called nature, then we will experience the distortion of those thoughts that are called distorted forms.

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Life around us and about us is just the way that we accept it, it is no greater, it is no lesser, it is no more beautiful, nor is it anymore ugly than we alone permit our minds to accept. So let us accept our true birthright, let us accept the lessons and the experiences that we encounter in life for those lessons and those

... our adversities become our attachments because we direct energy to anything we are adverse to, and by directing that energy to it, we create and attract it into our lives.

experiences are what we alone have earned and we alone have set into motion that we may grow through them, that we may graduate in this school of life from one grade to another and another and another, for that, my friends, in truth, is what life is all about. It doesn't matter whether we like or dislike something. It does matter that we alone have established laws and brought the experience to us. In the evolving and freedom of

We ... through our own attachments become controlled by the things we are attached to, for we ... have directed this neutral energy to our own attachments.

our own true being called our soul, we face all of the attachments of yesterday and yesterday. We face all of the judgments and we face all of the adversities. This philosophy teaches that our adversities becomes our attachments because we direct energy to

... it behooves ... us to accept that our life indeed is the way we make it, that our life is just exactly the way that we are taking it.

anything we are adverse to, and by directing that energy to it, we create and attract it into our lives. We also, through our own attachments become controlled by the things we are attached to, for we, and we alone, have directed this neutral energy to our own attachments. And so it behooves all of us to weigh out and balance in our lives, to weigh out our true purpose for being here, to recognize, to realize, and to finally accept that our life indeed is the way we make it, that our life is just exactly the way that we are taking it. So isn't it of more benefit to each and everyone of us to take life and make life a pleasant and beautiful and harmonious place to be? Because we cannot run away from life, for

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we are an inseparable part of life, and that's just the way our lives will ever be, just the way we alone choose to make it. But that choosing is not something that you can think of on Monday and forget on Tuesday. That choosing is a moment to moment experience that is taking place within our mind, for each moment we choose which way to think, and each moment we

choose which way to feel. Because we are not consciously aware of that moment by moment choosing process, it is taking place as if by habit. And so because it is taking place moment by moment, life is no longer under our control because we no longer are making the effort to be consciously aware of that choosing process.



SERENITY EVENTS

SPIRITUAL AWARENESS CLASSES

The next semester of Serenity's popular Spiritual Awareness Classes conducted by Richard P. Goodwin, and based on The Living Light philosophy, will begin Thursday, September 2. As classes are both restricted and limited, persons interested in attending should make early application for admission. Persons unable to attend may order the complete series of 12 cassettes.

DINNER PARTY: August 21 at 6:30 p.m.

Serenity's August dinner party has been planned to capture the true flavor of **THE ORIENT**, Especially made-up fortune cookies will contain sayings from **THE SERENITY GAME**. Fun for all! Do plan to attend!

BAKE SALE: August 28 — all day

Paradise Shopping Center, Corte Madera. We look forward to seeing all of you. Our famous Raggedy Ann dolls will be there!

A shock of horror passed over me, for I knew I was dead!

A WANDERER

in the

SPIRIT LANDS

by *Franchizzo*

DAYS OF DARKNESS

Continued from last issue—

.....“Oh! my love, my love, where are you now; I cannot see you, I only hear your voice; I only hear you call to me, and my soul answers to yours.”

I tried to rush to her, but I could not. Some invisible force held me back, and around her seemed a ring I could not pass through. In an agony I sank to the ground, calling upon her to leave me no more. Then she seemed to grow unconscious; her head sank upon her breast, and I saw her float away from me as though some strong arms had borne her. I sought to rise and follow her, but could not. It was as if a great chain held me fast, and after some fruitless struggles I sank upon the ground in unconsciousness.

* * * * *

When I awoke again I was overjoyed to see that my be-

loved one had returned to me. She was standing near, looking this time as I had seen her on earth, but pale and sad and all dressed in black. The star was gone, and all around was darkness; yet not utter darkness, since around her was a pale, faint glow of light by which I could see she carried flowers—white flowers—in her hands. She stooped over a long low mound of fresh earth. I drew nearer and nearer and saw that she was silently weeping as she laid down the flowers on that low mound. Her voice murmured softly, “Oh, my love! Oh, my love, will you never come back to me? Can you be indeed dead, and gone where my love cannot follow you? Where you can hear my voice no more? My love! Oh, my dear love!”

She was kneeling down now, and I drew near, very near, though I could not

A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

touch her, and as I knelt down I, too, looked at that long low mound. A shock of horror

passed over me, for I knew now, at last, that I was dead, and this was my own grave.

CHAPTER II.

"Dead! Dead!" I wildly cried. "Oh, no, surely no! For the dead feel nothing more; turn to dust, they moulder to decay, and all is gone, all is lost to them; they have no more consciousness of anything, unless, indeed, my boasted philosophy of life has been all wrong, all false, and the soul of the dead still lives even though the body decays."

The priests of my own church had taught me so, but I had scorned them as fools, blind and knavish, who for their own ends taught that men lived again and could only get to heaven through a gate, of which they held the keys, keys that turned only for gold and at the bidding of those who were paid to say masses for the departed priests who made dupes of silly frightened women and weak-minded men who, yielding to the terror inspired by their awful tales of hell and purgatory, gave themselves, bodies and souls, to purchase the illusive privilege they promised. I would have none of them. My knowledge of

these priests and the inner hidden lives of many of them had been too great for me to listen to their idle tales, their empty promises of a pardon they could not give, and I had said I would face death when it came, with the courage of those who know only that for them it must mean total extinction; for if these priests were wrong, who was right? Who could tell us anything of the future, or if there were any God at all? Not the living, for they but theorize and guess, and not the dead, for none came back from them to tell; and now I stood beside this grave—my own grave—and heard my beloved call me dead and strew flowers upon it.

As I looked the solid mound grew transparent before my eyes, and I saw down to the coffin with my own name and the date of my death upon it; and through the coffin I saw the white still form I knew as myself lying within. I saw to my horror that this body had already begun to decay and become a

A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

loathsome thing to look upon. Its beauty was gone, its features soon none would recognize; and I stood there, conscious, looking down upon it and then at myself. I felt each limb, traced out with my hands each familiar feature of my face, and knew I was dead, and yet I lived. If this were death, then those priests must have been right after all. The dead lived — but where? In what state? Was this darkness hell? For me they would have found no other place. I was so lost, so beyond the pale of their church that for me they would not have found a place even in purgatory.

I had cast off all ties to their church. I had so scorned it, deeming that a church which knew of, and yet tolerated, the shameful and ambitious lives of many of its most honored dignitaries had no claim to call itself a spiritual guide for anyone. There were good men in the church; true, but there was also this mass of shameless evil ones whose lives were common talk, common matter of ridicule; yet the church that claimed to be the example to all men and to hold all truth, did not cast out these men of disgraceful lives. No, she advanced them to yet higher posts of honor. None who have lived in my native land

and seen the terrible abuses of power in her church will wonder that a nation should rise and seek to cast off such a yoke. Those who can recall the social and political condition of Italy in the earlier half of this century, and the part the church of Rome played in helping the oppressor to rivet the fetters with which she was bound, and who know how her domestic life was honeycombed with spies—priests as well as laymen—till a man feared to whisper his true sentiments to his nearest and dearest lest she should betray him to the priest and he again to the government—how the dungeons were crowded with unhappy men, yea, even with mere lads guilty of no crime save love of their native lands and hatred of its oppressors—those, I say, who know all this will not wonder at the fierce indignation and burning passion which smouldered in the breast of Italia's sons, and burst at last into a conflagration which consumed man's faith in God and in his so-called Vicar upon earth, and like a mountain torrent that has burst its bounds, swept away men's hopes of immortality, if only through submission to the decrees of the church it was to be obtained. Such, then, had

A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

been my attitude of revolt and scorn towards the church in which I had been baptized, and that church could have no place within her pale for me. If her anathemas could send a soul to hell surely I must be there.

And yet as I thought thus I looked again upon my beloved, and I thought she could never have come to hell even to look for me. She seemed mortal enough, and if she knelt by my grave surely I must be still upon earth. Did the dead then never leave the earth at all, but hover near the scenes of their earthly lives? With such and many similar thoughts crowding through my brain I strove to get nearer to her I so loved, but found I could not. An invisible barrier seemed to surround her and keep me back. I could move on either side of her as I pleased—nearer or farther—but her I could not touch. Vain were all my efforts. Then I spoke: I called to her by name. I told her that I was there: that I was still conscious, still the same, though I was dead; and she never seemed to hear—she never saw me. She still wept sadly and silently; still tenderly touched the flowers, murmuring to herself that I had so loved flowers surely I would know that she had put them there for me.

Again and again I spoke to her as loudly as I could, but she heard me not. She was deaf to my voice. She only moved uneasily and passed her hand over her head as one in a dream, and then slowly and sadly she went away.

I strove with all my might to follow her. In vain. I could go but a few yards from the grave and my earthly body, and then I saw why. A chain as of dark silk thread—it seemed no thicker than a spider's web—held me to my body; no power of mine could break it; as I moved it stretched like elastic, but always drew me back again. Worst of all I began now to be conscious of feeling the corruption of that decaying body affecting my spirit, as a limb that has become poisoned affects with suffering the whole body on earth, and fresh horror filled my soul.

Then a voice as of some majestic being spoke to me in the darkness, and said: "You loved that body more than your soul. Watch it now as it turns to dust and know what it was that you so worshiped, and ministered and clung to. Know how perishable it was, how vile it has become, and look upon your spirit body and see how you have starved and cramped and neglected it for the sake of the enjoyments

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of the earthly body. Behold how poor and repulsive and deformed your earthly life has made your soul, which is immortal and divine and to endure forever."

And I looked and beheld myself. As in a mirror held up before me, I saw myself. Oh, horror! It was beyond doubt myself, but, oh! so awfully changed, so vile, so full of baseness did I appear: so repulsive in every feature—even my figure was deformed—I shrank back in horror at my appearance, and prayed that the earth might open before my feet and hide me from all eyes for evermore. Ah! never again would I call upon my love, never more desire that she should see me. Better, far better, that she should think of me as dead and gone from her forever; better that she should have only the memory of me as I had been in earthly life than ever know how awful was the change, how horrible a thing was my real self.

Alas! Alas! My despair, my anguish was extreme, and I called out wildly and struck myself, and tore my hair in wild and passionate horror of myself, and then my passion exhausted me and I sank senseless and unconscious of all once more.

* * * * *

Again I waked, and again

it was the presence of my love that awaked me. She had brought more flowers, and she murmured more soft tender thoughts of me as she laid them on my grave. But I did not seek now to make her see me. No, I shrank back and sought to hide myself, and my heart grew hard even to her, and I said: "Rather let her weep for the one who has gone than know that he still lives," so I let her go. And as soon as she was gone, I called frantically to her to come back, to come back in any way, to any knowledge of my awful position, rather than leave me in that place to see her no more. She did not hear, but she felt my call, and afar off I saw her stop and half turn round as though to return, then she passed on again and left me. Twice, three times she came again, and each time when she came I felt the same shrinking from approaching her, and each time when she left I felt the same wild longing to bring her back and keep her near me. But I called to her no more for I knew the dead call in vain, the living hear them not. And to all the world I was dead, and only to myself and to my awful fate was I alive. Ah! now I knew death was no endless sleep, no calm oblivion.

(continued next issue)

Dictionary

of

The Living Light Philosophy



A *Acceptance* is the miracle of transformation.

G *od's promise* is the effect of the law.

A *n accident* is a lack of understanding the demonstrable effect of natural law.

I *nsanity* is the undisciplined mind.

A *sterling character* is the most valuable asset of man which is the direct effect of honesty.

J *oy* is the expression of peace.

D *istortion* is the direct effect of an obstruction to a persistent flow.

L *aughter* is the life of the soul.

F *ascination* breaks the power of concentration; *that* is why fascination is bondage.

P *ride* is punishment.
Humility is harmony.

F *reedom* is the fulfillment of reason.

S *elf-concern* is the epitome of the ego brain mechanism declaring and ining upon its superiority of reign to dictate to God how things shall be.

NEWS and VIEWS

*by Duncan Robertson**

Those who have experienced it are as varied in background as a cross section of humanity can be, and yet for centuries the same story has been told: "the patient feels himself rushing through a long, dark tunnel while noise rings in his ears. Suddenly, he finds himself outside his own body, looking down with curious detachment at a medical team's efforts to resuscitate him. He hears what is said, notes what is happening but cannot communicate with anyone. Soon, his attention is drawn to other presences in the room — spirits of dead relatives or friends — who communicate with him non-verbally. Gradually, he is drawn to a vague 'being of light.' This being invites him to evaluate his life and shows him highlights of his past in panoramic vision. The patient longs to stay with the being of light but is reluctantly drawn back into his physical body."

The quote is from the

July 12, 1976 issue of *Newsweek*. The story is that told by many who have passed close to death. Once dismissed as mere hallucinations induced by drugs or delirium, such reports are now being investigated closely by Dr. Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, an internationally respected expert on the psychiatric dimension of dying who now claims she has proof that "there is life after death."

Her evidence, though not necessarily her conclusion, is supported by Dr. Raymond A. Moody, Jr., author of the current paperback "Life After Life." Moody contends that if such near-death experiences were indeed hallucinatory they would reflect cultural conditioning, but such is not the case. "The picture of the events of dying which emerges from these accounts corresponds in a striking way with that painted in very ancient and esoteric writings totally unfamiliar to my subjects," he says.

Kubler-Ross plans to publish her findings next year, and in anticipation *Newsweek* notes, "Even if she has not proved her point, she has laid out phenomena that modern science has not yet adequately explained."

The Strange Story

of

AHRINZIMAN

by Anita Silvani

Upon the threshold of life stand two Angels—the Angels of the Light and of the Dark Spheres—and it is their task to observe into which sphere the Star of the Soul that has just been born ascends. . . In the spheres of the Star of pure unsullied light are found the dwelling places of those Souls who have been uncontaminated by any earthly sin. . . The sphere of darkness is dominated by a deep Red Star, which glows like the heart of a furnace, surrounded by black and blood tinged rays.

Continued from last issue—

No flowers but the snow white flowers of purity and the pale blue and silver blossoms of truth bloom in the lands of the snow white spheres: all is pale and colorless like the lives of its Angels and its Saints. Those who live here cannot enter into man's joys and sorrows, his sins or his triumphs over sins, his hopes and ambitions, his disappointments, his anguish and despair, for they have felt none of these things. For them the gates of Paradise are open continually and they can behold the fair things within, but they cannot behold at all the dark gates of Hell. All that is beautiful, all that is pure in Art, in Music, in Literature, in Science, yea, in all Life, lies open before their eyes, and they can read of the beautiful in everything: but of the dark books of sorrow and suffering and sin they

cannot read one line, and their sight cannot behold material things save very dimly, for material life has been a sealed book to them.

Thus even in the beauty of their lives there is a want. Perfect as they would seem, their lives are yet incomplete, since one half of their Souls still slumbers, and it is for such as these that reincarnation has been thought an aid, and for such Souls as these the process of assuming, the earthly body which has been prepared for them will be different from that of a Soul which has not yet attained a conscious life.

There are others who are sent to learn Earth's lessons by so closely and completely identifying themselves with some Soul of the same sex already incarnate in the flesh, and which is, in all its tastes and aspirations, in closest affinity with their own, that

THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

through all its earthly life and trials they may share the same emotions and the same experiences. To make the experience valuable to the disincarnate Soul they must become in all essential respects as one, and share as twins the material development given to them by Mother Earth. Even then the disincarnate Soul will but imperfectly learn its lesson, and the full meaning of sorrow and suffering and trial. It will feel but the *reflected* emotion of its twin Soul, never its fullest and deepest anguish, its warmth of passion, its depths of despair; and therefore it is that many celestial teachers would bid the Soul return to Earth and in its own proper person live the life of Earth.

The sphere of darkness is dominated by a deep Red Star, which glows like the heart of a furnace, surrounded by black and blood tinged rays. In the regions dominated by this Star all appears clouded with a black sulphurous smoke, and all vegetation is withered up by the blasting fires of unrestrained passion and unchecked desires. The dry ashes of burnt-out volcanic lives have buried the blossoms of the Soul beneath their scorching dust, and the withered sticks of what were once the trees and shrubs of good intentions

and good desires stand out like gaunt sentinels to mark where the purer life of the Soul once flourished. The desolation of despair, of crushed and blighted hopes, is shed around on everything. The dark rivers of bitter tears shed by tardy and unavailing regret alone water that sad land, and their scalding streams can never fertilize it, but only add to its dead seas another rolling wave where already there are too many flowing over the sad ruins of the city of the Soul.

Yet in the fierce glowing fires within the heart of the Star a healing balm is found by those who have the fortitude and courage to seek it; a purifying bath, in which the pure gold of the Soul is refined and freed from the alloy of gross and material passions. And from this purifying crucible the Soul shall come forth to rise to the spheres of that glorious third Star which gleams, golden rayed and crystal clear, above both the other Stars, even as the Golden Star is the Crown and Diadem of the heavenly spheres. From this Star dart many rays tinged with all the colors of the rainbow, which sparkle like the jewels in a victor's crown. The crimson rays no longer typify the passions of the Soul, but its tenderness and its love. The

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blue and white no longer show alone its purity, but its truth and constancy. The soft green denotes its sympathy, the violet its regal power, the Gold its spiritual strength.

The dwellers in the spheres of the Golden Star have all learned the lesson of Earth life. They have all cultivated the sympathies as well as the purity and intellect of their Souls, and none enter its gates who have not learned in their own lives to suffer and be strong that they may sympathize with and strengthen others.

In the complex nature of man and the conditions of his Earth life it is but seldom that we see the distinct characteristics of each of these Stars clearly defined, and as a rule men partake in a greater or less degree of the attributes of both the light and dark spheres. Those who show either class of qualities in an abnormal degree, so that they stand forth as great moral teachers, or as cruel and degraded tyrants, are decidedly the exceptions.

And yet it is the exceptional lives which stand forth for all time from the lives of their fellow men, like pictures painted upon large canvases in broad, strong touches, whose meaning can be read even by the most

ignorant, while the delicate minute finish of a miniature, requiring a close inspection and a knowledge of its workmanship to reveal its beauties, is lost upon the world at large.

The minute lives of ordinary men and women are no less useful and beneficial than those of exceptional characters, but they do not serve the same purpose in the lessons afforded by them. It is the lives of those who are great, either in their virtues or in their vices, which mark the progress which the world has made, and serve either as beacons to warn others of the shoals and rocks and quicksands upon which their own lives were wrecked, or as guiding stars to light the Soul upon its Heavenward way.

In this "Story of Ahrinziman" will be found the record of such an exceptional life. In it will be shown, not alone the evils wrought himself, but those for which others were responsible, the threads of whose lives were interwoven with his own; and also the blossoming into baleful flowers of those seeds of ambition and pride, of passion and intrigue, of revenge and murder, which were sown ere he was born, and which bore such terrible fruits, not alone for him himself to feed upon, but for all those whose

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hands had sown the seeds and whose actions had nourished them.

In the story of his Earth life will be told how these seeds were sown, and in his experiences in the Spirit World

will be shown what fruit was reaped from each seed, and what share of the harvest each Soul whose hands had sown them had to garner into the storehouse of his memory and his life.

PART I

PROLOGUE

When El Jazid, King of Persia, returned from a successful campaign against the Greeks, he brought with him a captive maiden of the most surpassing beauty and the most exquisite grace and charm, a captive destined to reign over the heart of the mighty monarch as its sole queen, and to cause the powerful king to bow before the potent sway of love as her most abject slave.

And yet this maiden was gentle and timid as a wild fawn, and ignorant of all artifice as a little child.

In the devastating march of the Persian conqueror a splendid Temple of the Greeks had been plundered, its priests slain, and its vestals carried off to become the prey of their conquerors.

Among the captives brought before El Jazid to see if perchance there were any

who would find favor in his eyes, there were none so beautiful as Cynthia, the daughter of Archelaus, a maiden of barely fifteen years of age, who had from her infancy been dedicated to the service of the Gods. Like a child she had lived within the temple walls, ignorant of all things beyond them; ignorant alike of the passions which stir the hearts of men, of the joys unspeakable, the woes unfathomable, that spring from their loves and their hates, their ambitions and their pride; ignorant of all the tender joys of relationship, and of the varied hopes and fears which fill the hearts of those who dwell amidst the whirlpool of life, and learn in the struggle for existence the force of the latent powers within the soul.

Cynthia was terrified like a child at being brought before

THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

the monster who had slain or taken captive all those among whom her brief life had been spent, and yet she was without that fear of death which inspired the terror of her companions, for she had lived all her life with the Dead, she had held communion with them as with near and dear friends, and thus the word "Death" had no meaning of fear for her. But she felt bewildered and full of dread of this unknown and powerful being who inspired grief and fear in all around her.

And when the eyes of the king beheld how fair she was, and when he felt the strange thrill of love and admiration which the sight of her beauty inspired, he bade all others to depart that he might speak alone with this beauteous maid. And as Cynthia raised her soft dark eyes to the King's face to read therein her fate, she felt neither fear nor terror, but only a sense of wonder, and a dim consciousness that her heart was stirred by an emotion unknown before.

When all had left the king's presence but the lovely Greek, he arose from his throne of state, and, approaching his captive, took her hand

and gazed into her calm, child-like eyes; and as he did so he felt abased at the thought of the fate he had at first destined for her, and ashamed at the baseness of his own desires. Involuntarily the haughty conqueror knelt at the feet of this young maiden and kissed, like a humble slave, the hem of her robe and the soft white fingers of her fair hand.

At the touch of his lips the soul of the woman awoke in Cynthia, and the days of her childhood were forever past. She tasted of the first fruits of the tree of knowledge, and felt for the first time a shadowy sense of the power which love can exercise over the hearts of women and of men. for in her heart there was the first throb of that awakening love which was to make for her and for the king the reality and the tragedy of their lives. The days of her dreaming were over. From henceforth, she was to live the real life of Earth, and to descend from those mystic mountains of the Soul whereon she had communed only with the Past: she was to live henceforth on the lower plane of life, the true existence of the Present.

(continued next issue)



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by Andrew Jackson Davis

Views

of

Our Heavenly Home

FUNCTIONS OF THE CELESTIAL CURRENTS

Continued from last issue—

But we are admonished not to fill our intellectual sky with too many clouds of Nature's great system, so replete with grandeur and magnificence.

A man's great, self-important and strutting individualism becomes fearfully and wholesomely diminished in the presence of that which is irresistible and eternal and sublime. His strength is displaced with a profound feeling of helplessness; and his experiences, and his very existence, seem like thistle-balls drifting in the unknown winds of destiny. These feelings are spiritually wholesome to you; for such an honest humiliation

may augment your growth. So long as you do nothing to merit a loss of your own self-respect, and so long as your self-abnegation is occasioned by your devotion to what you esteem as the best truth, so long you are a safe and a truly growing man. Your feet will ascend upon the golden rounds of a Jacob's ladder, which is daily let down from the Summerland; and the gleaming meadows beyond the sunset will blossom for you; and upon your pilgrimage you shall hear the soft footfalls of loving guardians; while your hands shall touch those whose inmost hearts beat faithfully in unison with the truth you love and worship.

A GENERALIZATION OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM OF NATURE

Detailed examination of the harmonious system of the physical universe, although

indispensable to the largest practical development of what is popularly called "inductive

VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME

science," would be far easier to the studious reader of these chapters *after* contemplating a generalization of the system. There is, also, a deeper mental enjoyment experienced, not to speak of the intense spiritual enthusiasm which is invariably awakened by viewing a subject from the highest and most comprehensive altitude of observation.

The hastening multitude, superficial in most matters, and upon this subject indifferent to the very verge of thoughtlessness, exclaims (when a detailed accuracy is instituted), "Oh, you are too scientific!" "Abstractions and technicalities are awfully tiresome," etc. This is true, especially to an impatient inspector of, and to a wholesale dealer in, ideas; but this is not true of one who is profoundly and correctly impressed with the sublimity of an eternal principle; for such a mind loves to follow truth into its minutest ramifications — at once a radical and fruit gatherer — one who is certain to receive a rich happiness by patiently examining into the minutest roots of a subject, while plucking the delicious

results which cluster upon its visible branches. It is, for example, very spiritualizing to one's superior sensibilities, and love of beauty and harmony, to ascend some enchanting elevation above the highest tops, and from that lofty solitude contemplate and absorb the impressions imparted by the soft, hazy, indefiniteness of a vastly extended landscape. And, to be accurate, this is the only knowledge of natural beauty which the great human multitudes of earth have any desire to obtain and possess.

But if *all* minds were so constituted and thus governed, if there were no under-working and insistent radicals, no interior and minute investigators into the fine lines of light, and into the well-nigh invisible shadowings which really compose the great landscape of indefinite, dreamy beauty—if all minds were generalizers, then, we ask, where would be those, great, living pictures which now bring the skies, the fields, the flowers, and the musical streams into our private parlors and public institutions?

(continued next issue)

*No moment of life is ever wasted, for each
and every experience was necessary for man
to qualify himself and set his soul free.*

erenity

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Donations and pledges may be made payable to Serenity Spiritualist Assn.
Contributions are deductible for income tax purposes.*

gourmet's delight

A recipe from Serenity's

THE ORIENT

SWEET 'N SOUR PORK

- | | |
|---|---|
| 3 3/4 pounds pork shoulder,
cut into 1-inch cubes | 1 tablespoon Worcestershire
sauce |
| 3/4 cup flour | 1 tablespoon salt |
| 1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon
ginger | 3/4 teaspoon pepper |
| 1/2 cup salad oil | 2 small green peppers, cut into
strips |
| 2 cans (13 1/2 ounces each)
pineapple chunks, drained
(reserve syrup) | 2 pounds fresh bean sprouts |
| 1/2 cup vinegar | 2 cans (5 ounces each) water
chestnuts, drained and
thinly sliced |
| 1/2 cup soy sauce | 2 tablespoons chili sauce |
| 3/4 cup sugar | |

Mix half the flour with all the ginger and coat pork thoroughly with this mixture. Heat oil in large heavy skillet; brown pork on all sides, removing pieces as they brown. Add water to reserved pineapple syrup to measure 1 3/4 cups liquid; gradually stir into remaining flour. Stir pineapple syrup mixture, vinegar, soy sauce and Worcestershire sauce into fat in skillet. Heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Boil and stir 1 minute. Stir in sugar, salt, pepper and meat. Reduce heat. Cover: simmer 1 hour or until meat is tender, stirring occasionally. Add pineapple and green peppers; cook uncovered 10 minutes. Stir in bean sprouts, water chestnuts and chili sauce; cook 5 minutes longer. Serves 8.

Becoming A Spiritualist

by H. Gordon Burroughs

THE RELIGION OF NATURALISM

Continued from last issue—

In his communing with nature, he reaches that illumined state of consciousness where he catches a glimpse of the wonderful plan of the universe, and being exalted by the beauty and majesty of what he sees, cries out in a loud voice, "All is Infinite, Absolute, and Eternal!" He can find no words to describe the marvelous manifestations of the all-loving Father.

He realizes that to know self is to know all. Man alone of God's creatures should know God. Man CAN know Him. Being a part of God, man is capable of attaining all knowledge.

The student soon reaches that position where he learns that mere belief in any special religious dogma cannot save him, that only through purity of devotion, self-sacrifice, and desire can he hope to reach perfection.

The disciple of Naturalism cannot be intolerant, for he knows that intolerance is a vice which has caused unlimited misery in the world. War after war has been caused

by the people of one dogmatic belief attempting to force that belief upon people of another dogmatic belief. Wars of this kind blot the pages of history. The true student will see in all sectarianism an intolerance which has been the curse of humanity.

The religion of Naturalism binds all together in comradeship and teaches that if we desire happiness we must do something to deserve it. No one can attain happiness without having done something capable of leading to happiness.

The true disciple will be the same to all people. To those who are good, he will radiate good; to those who are bad, he will still radiate good, so that all may become good; to those who seek to injure him, he will render his ungrudging love. The more evil sent out, the more good will radiate from him. Thus the true religion will teach us to overcome evil by good, to overcome false statements and error by truth, and to overcome anger by not being angry.

(continued next issue)



Children's Corner



how I fill about God
I fill that God is everything in
life he is the guide of all
people and God allwas
corrects us. But if you want
God to help you have to ask
him to help you and when you
want something you should
ask for only things you can
handel like when I told God I
wanted a rabbit I told him I
would put all my attention
and he gave me a rabbit.

Lisa Toquinto, Age 8

I love God and God take care
of us God is everything. God
hopes us.

Adrianna Robbins, Age 8

I let God in by breathing out
the little me, and the big me
talks to the little me, to get
the little me out of the way.

Michael Field, Age 5

I help my mama and I help my

dad and I help my sister.

Desmond Fernandes, Age 7

Discipline is being places on
time and like going shopping,
and if your late, don't make
excuses and don't expect
people to feel sorry for you.

Sean Connolly, Age 9

We learned about being kind to
animals. I said that I feed my
cats when my father is on a
trip or at work, and we learned
about being a good me and
not being the bad me, I think
that the color that we were
talking about was Pink, the
color of LOVE.

Yvonne Fernandes, Age 11

Kindness: When you care for
your pet. When you fight the
little me. When you help your
mother with housework. When
you love the world for what
it is. And love everything God
made!

Virginia Kohl, Age 11

In keeping with Serenity's policy to encourage expression by all its students, this column contains the unedited articles submitted by the children attending our children's philosophy classes. —Editor

nvocation

Again the day dawns and the sun is shining, and the songbirds sing and all the world is awake with gladness and joy. Only those who are yet asleep in satisfaction or immersed in regret do not feel the glory and splendor of

the new day. Grant us courage, O Divine Spirit, to cast off the chains of yesterday's dream that we may walk in the newness of life, a witness to all that is good, a servant to the Eternal Light.

eading

Would you be happy while you dwell on earth? Then unite within your being to serve the greater good. Remember that a man cannot serve two masters, and the coin of the heavenly realms is kindness. Bow the I that sees itself as apart from all others to the I of which all others are a part and you shall know eternal joy. For that that is one with all of life is the Spirit of all Life, and spirit is known by spirit.

Are you distressed with thoughts of wrongs done? Then learn forgiveness. As the Law ever fulfills itself so distribution and retribution are wholly just in keeping with the Law of Merit. Therefore,

judge not, for in so doing you bind yourself to the very law of your rejection. Discord must be fed: it dies in forgiveness.

Would you be the worker of great deeds? Then ply yourself to the humblest task. Be ever the observer and not the observed, and remember that God's greatest work is done in silence.

Do you seek greater meaning in life? Then put greater meaning into your life. Be grateful for the gift you have to give no matter how seemingly small, because if it is truly a gift then it is given through you, not from you, and in giving it freely shall you be fulfilled.

enediction

May the Love of Life guide your footsteps in paths of righteousness that you may

be an instrument of hope and comfort to all along your way. Amen.

Serenity Students

*Elaine Yavneh**

Spiritualism is a science, philosophy and religion. This triune representation enables one to view our teaching in a multi-faceted way, while giving a total picture and broader dimension to what might ordinarily be seen from an individualized or limited view.

Spiritualism is a SCIENCE for it demonstrates through psychic phenomena, the natural laws that govern our universe. This phenomena, explored by a few was until recently, regarded by most as either too mysterious to delve into, or was looked upon with suspicion by supposed seekers of truth, or was never seriously pursued due to the limitations of the minds of man.

Spiritualism is a PHILO—OPHY for it explains how these laws of nature affect our daily existence and how they govern the universe. By gaining a greater understanding of the laws governing cause and effect, we learn how to better

control our lives and in so doing have a hand in changing and improving the world around us.

Spiritualism is a RELIGION in that it deals with man's relationship to God — which is defined in this understanding as Infinite Intelligence. We are taught that God is a divine neutral energy which can be expressed positively or negatively, by our own choice, for the good or detriment of our own beings. Through the Law of Responsibility, we learn to come into rapport with this divine energy within ourselves; a greater understanding is gained, enabling us through acceptance to express through the soul faculties while learning to balance them with the sense functions. A balance of spiritual and mental energies is necessary for the soul's expression, which is the fulfillment of the Divine within each of us.

The Living Light



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A Guide to and PSYCHICAL

Continued from last issue—

To all sitters we would say, 'You get, to a very great extent, what you make conditions for,' therefore open the doors of the heavens by love and purity.

Changes Sometimes Beneficial.— A 'circle' may meet night after night without results, but if an additional sitter is added who possesses the right temperament, phenomena may occur almost immediately. If the general psychic conditions of a circle of sitters are harmonious, although there may not be any specially mediumistic person present, interesting phenomena and successful communion may be enjoyed up to a certain stage. For instance, table tilting, or rappings, or both may occur, but the spirits may not be able to produce other or more striking evidences of their ability to manipulate physical objects, not because they are unwilling, but because the energy that they require is not possessed by any one member, or by the circle as a whole. If a person of the right type of physical sensitiveness can be discovered and induced to join the circle, the more definite and striking phenomena may soon be forthcoming. The introduction of a new sitter may possibly have the effect of disturbing

SPIRIT CIRCLES: HOW TO

conditions and putting an end to the manifestations, or of affording conditions that will lead to new developments along other lines, such as entrancement, clairvoyance, and speaking mediumship.

When a good physical medium has been discovered, it is well for him if a few friends will devote themselves systematically to assist the spirits in his development.

'Test' Questions Can Wait. Should table movements or raps be heard, let them go on for a little. Do not ask *test* questions. Request repetitions, ask for them to be clearer or louder, so that they shall be sharp and decisive. Ask for a certain number of movements or raps. Then you can proceed to ask questions as to whether the circle is sitting in the best arrangement for success. If changes are desired these should be made as suggested.

Mediumship

UNFOLDMENT

by E. W. & M. H. Wallis

FORM & CONDUCT THEM

It may happen that one or more of the sitters may be requested to change places or to withdraw from the table altogether. In the latter case the sitter should not take umbrage or regard such rejection as a reflection upon them personally. It merely indicates that their psychical conditions do not blend with those of the rest of the circle. W. H. Bach says: 'If you are requested, either by the controlling intelligence or by the manager of the circle, to take another place, or even if your room is desired for some unknown cause, do not get angry and create a disturbance, but get with those with whom you are in spiritual harmony and try it again. All who have succeeded have passed through great trials and failures, and when success is attained, think of what you have gained! A knowledge of immortality,

possibly, or you have assisted in producing an instrument through whom the proofs of immortality may be given.'

Preliminary Arrangements.

When communication has been established by raps or table tilts, and some evidence has been afforded that the spirit possesses both the knowledge and the power to give effect to his wishes, definite instructions should be asked for as to who is the medium and the frequency of the 'sittings' necessary for development, and for the appointment of one among the sitters to act as 'conductor.' Confusion often results from several of the sitters asking conflicting questions at almost the same time, or, what is worse, making guesses or positive statements as to the identity or the wishes of the communicating intelligence.

The First Requisite Is To Secure Free Communication. Instead of raps or table movements, the hands or heads of those sitters who can be influenced may be made to move a certain number of times in response to questions. Remember, the first requisite is to *establish the channel of communication*; and all personal questions as to who and what the spirit is should be reserved until the initial difficulties are overcome.

(continued next issue)

Visitors' Views

"The service and presentation was very nice. The structure allows the individual to relax and not feel confined." E. C.

* * * * *

"The whole feeling is truly serene."

* * * * *

"Very interesting lecture about plant, animals and man. I did find some answers to my questions about the relationship between plants, animals and man." D. N. N.

* * * * *

"Every time I visit the church the services reinspire me and fill me with joy. I am able then to 'give out' this joy all through the week." D. H.

* * * * *

"Beautiful to be with the truth and feel the goodness within."

* * * * *

"Truly the spoken word is power, so I try to articulate what is in essence 'inarticulatable'—that obviously God's power is at work here—that it is refreshing to see people opening to listen to the universal message of truth that fills us—gives us peace and lifts—much straight-forwardness—much opportunity to grow if it is accepted. I was well pleased with the day. M.H.


* * * * *

"I have been searching for a long time and I believe that I have found my way. It will be long and hard but Serenity has given me a beginning." C.

* * * * *

"This was my first time attending. Two things impressed me most—a feeling of peace and religious devotion. Also the friendliness. Thank you."

* * * * *

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THE

PENETRALIA

BEING HARMONIAL ANSWERS TO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

Continued from last issue—

by Andrew Jackson Davis

What is life socially considered?

It is a charmed circle of ceaseless friendships, an ebbless river of blessed sympathies; the fountain and mainspring of heart-born joys and loving kindnesses; of the sweetest delicacies—gentleness, tenderness, loveliness, happiness.

What is life to the politician?

A platform of action, ambition, disappointment, not regulated by Principles, but by policies, and expediciencies suited to popularities and necessities of the day; more adapted to govern than to improve, more certain to shackle than to liberate. From the misfortunes of political strifes and unprincipled gladiators in the area of government; from the terrors of the god of aristocracy whose name is "Mammon;" from all temporary losses, by death, of liberty-loving natures, and, by election, from the reckless legislation of undeveloped

minds—Good Lord deliver us!

What is life to the spiritually-minded?

According to the record left of Jesus's utterances by the mediumized son of Zebedee and Salome, we learn, that when absorbing and incorporating and identifying himself with the Principle of Love (or the Christ-principle), the Blessed Moral Reformer said: "I am the bread of Life—he that cometh to me shall never hunger—and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. . . Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal Life; . . . the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting Life." But Paul's words, while more explicit and beautiful, may be accepted as not less salutary in sentiment: "To be carnally minded, is death—to be spiritually minded, is *life* and peace."

What is meant by spiritually-mindedness?

Each man of sectarian in-

THE PENETRALIA

clinations, with his intellect stored by self-constrained renderings of the Christian Scriptures, hath an answer of his own—an expression of *his* intellectual perception of what was taught by the Old Masters in spiritual contemplation; standing upon the platform of an equal liberty and not to assume vaster latitudes of spiritual meditation, I reply—that, he is spiritually-minded who considers absolute purity of heart and life to be the richest human possession, and that perfect obedience to the highest faculties and attributes (or attractions) of the soul is the only means of its attainment.

If such be spiritual-minded who is the truest teacher of Morals and Religion?

Listen! the reply cometh—resounding in the firmament over the pulpits — from Theodore Parker, the fearless iconoclast of Christendom: The Teacher of Religion must seek to make all men noble. He is not to make any one after the likeness of another — in the image of Beecher or Channing, Calvin, Luther, Peter, Paul, or Jesus, Moses or Mohammed, but to quicken, to guide, and help each man gain the highest form of human nature that he is capable of attaining to: to help each to become a man, feeling, think-

ing, willing, living on his own account, faithful to his special individuality of soul. . . their individuality is as sacred before God as that of Jesus or of Moses; and you are no more to sacrifice your manhood to them than they theirs to you. Respect for your manhood or womanhood is the first of all duties. As I defend my body against all outward attacks, and keep whole my limbs, so must I cherish the integrity of my spirit, take no man's mind or conscience, heart or soul, for my master.

Who best comprehends the drift of Life?

That far-seeing, comprehensive, intellectual visionist, who, aided by an intuitive consciousness of everlasting principles grasps that universal, gigantic law which uttereth speech from every order and decree of life — *Interior attractions are absolute prophecies of exterior destinies*; or, in other words, that each radical human *Desire* is a promissory Note, drawn up and endorsed by the Eternal God, payable at the ever-solvent Bank of Ultimate Satisfaction. This, in very truth, is the glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people; a message delivered to willing minds, by the omnipotent and loving Spirit of universal Nature.

(continued next issue)



DIVINE HEALING PRAYER

**I accept that the Divine Healing Power
Is removing all obstructions
From my mind and body
And is restoring me to perfect
Health, wealth and happiness.
My heart is filled with gratitude
For the Divine Law of Acceptance
That is healing both present and absent ones
Who are in need of help.
Peace, the power that healeth,
Is guiding my thoughts, acts and deeds,
As God and I go hand in hand
Living a life of joyful abundance.**



Spiritual Healing

*by Ron Cavender**

Many people who are suffering from one thing or another, may find the relief they seek through spiritual healing. Many so-called wonderful cures have taken place in people who have had spiritual healing; some have experienced no affect at all. Why is this so?

We are taught that everything that happens to us is caused by us, and ill health is no exception. Many people, after experiencing ill health, start to make some changes in their thinking on certain levels of consciousness, and the energy which was directed to cause the ill health is diverted to something else. If these people come for spiritual healing, they receive a great amount of concentrated energy which counteracts the effects they themselves have

set into motion and they are restored to a degree of balance known as good health.

Those who seem to be unaffected, on the other hand, may not have made any changes in their thought patterns and, therefore, continue to feed negative energy to the level which the ill health is the effect of. If they continue to feed this negative energy to the level, it then tends to cancel out the positive effects of the spiritual healing and the result is little or no change in the condition of the individual.

This may be only one of many reasons for a person not finding relief through spiritual healing, but it is an important one. We cannot experience a change without until we are ready to make a change within.



*Editor's Note — The SENTINEL extends its appreciation to the many students of the Serenity concept of Spiritualism who contribute their articles to this magazine, sharing their understanding with our readers. Student articles are recognized by an asterisk.**

Today's View of Past Frontiers

THE BIRTH OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM

Article taken from CENTENNIAL BOOK OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA

by Dr. Victoria Barnes

This may seem an old, old story to many, yet is ever new to those who are entering the portals of investigation for the first time. Like the story of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, The Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights recited to each new generation entering our schools, so we recite the story known as the Raps of Hydesville. . . there would be neither loyalty to nor appreciation of our religion unless its adherents are fully acquainted with the history of its origin and its patriots.

One hundred years ago on March 31, 1848, when the March winds were blowing and the chill of winter snows was still in the air, Modern Spiritualism was born in the humble little cottage at Hydesville, N. Y., then occupied by the Fox family, the third tenant to be disturbed by the raps.

At that time the family consisted of father, mother, and the two youngest girls

Margaretta and Catherine (Katie). Pending the completion of their own home, then under construction, the neighbors accepted them, considering them God-fearing people. Little did they dream that in that very cottage, which they had then occupied for but three months was the mouldering body of a murdered peddler, and that the uneasy spirit, forced out of that mortal body, went through the rooms at night trying to find a human instrument through whose psychic sensitivity he could acquaint the world with the facts regarding his mysterious disappearance, and prove he still lived.

The father, John Fox, his wife Margaret and the two girls Margaretta aged 15 and Katie age 12 had been awakened night after night by strange and unusual sounds. On the night of March 30 the noises were so pronounced that sleep, for anyone, was impossible. The raps were heard all over the house, as well as footsteps going up and down

TODAY'S VIEW OF PAST FRONTIERS

the cellar steps.

Among Mrs. Fox's ancestors there had been psychics from whom she had heard stories about haunted houses and strange manifestations, so she was the only one who had any idea of what this might be.

Their rest having been so disturbed, the family decided to retire early Friday night, March 31, 1848, the mother and girls retiring early in the evening, the mother in one bed, the girls in another, although in the same room. Hardly had Mrs. Fox laid down when the noises began. The children hearing the rappings, tried to imitate the sounds, as children will, by snapping their fingers. Katie called out, "Mr. Splitfoot do as I do," and laughingly clapped her hands. For every clap there was a rap — when she stopped the sound ceased. Then she began holding up her fingers, a different number each time, requesting Splitfoot to tell her the number of fingers held up. Correctly the answer was rapped out — to which Katie gleefully exclaimed, "Oh, Mama, it can see as well as hear." Margaretta thought this was fun and decided to try it too. "Now — do as I do, count 1, 2, 3, 4." The raps again answered correctly, which frightened her and she quit. Katie suddenly remem-

bered that the next day was April Fool's Day and decided someone was trying to fool them.

Mrs. Fox was not satisfied with the explanation and asked the noise (as she called it) to tell her how many children she had, to which it rapped the answer, she then asked for the different ages of the children. Instantly, the age of each child was correctly rapped out with a pause between to individualize them, until the seventh when a longer pause was made, then three emphatic raps were given, the age at which one child had died. Electrified by these answers, she continued—"Is this a human being that answers my questions so correctly?—no rap—"Is it a spirit? if it is, give two raps." Instantly two raps came. If you are an injured spirit give two raps.' The two raps following shook the whole house. "Were you injured in this house? Is the person living who injured you? Both questions were replied to by two raps.

Having established this means of communication, she continued to converse in this manner and found out that a man, age 31, had been murdered there, his body buried in the cellar; that he had a wife and five children, (continued page 42)

In Our Thoughts

Brother
Bubba
Alice Carrillo
Francis M. Gelardi, Jr.
Isa Goodwin
Kathleen Graves
Irene
Jonquil
Kenny
Charles Lathrop
Harold Lucas
Erik Othberg

Peppermint
Bernie Pratz
Snowflake
Fea Steele
Foster Steele
The Strattons
Sunshine
Robert Toquinto, Jr.
Britta Uppstrom
Esther Yavneh
Vera Youdavitch

To send a helpful thought of joy and light to those you love who have passed to the higher life, list their names in this column. Donation of one dollar per name is requested.

OPTIMISM

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those, to rest the weary ear
Of Earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so. If not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts, till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

✦ humor is the salvation of the soul ✦

Army barber: "Wanna keep your sideburns?"

Recruit: "Sure do."

Barber: "Catch." — *Valley Labor Citizen*

*Living Light Philosophy: The degree of suffering
reveals the degree of attachment.*

TODAY'S VIEW OF PAST FRONTIERS

(continued from page 39)

death. Mrs. Fox was so bewildered she asked the spirit if it would manifest by rapping if she called in neighbors. It indicated that it would.

Mrs. Redfield, the nearest neighbor, arrived at the Fox Cottage to find the little Fox Sisters pale and speechless with fright. This neighbor's questions were correctly answered, so she sent for her husband and other neighbors. Through raps the spirit of the murdered peddler informed them his murderer was still alive but could not be punished by law: that he (the peddler) had been murdered five years before by a man, whose name was given, at midnight on a Tuesday night, that his throat had been cut with a butcher knife, his body taken to the cellar and buried for the \$500 he carried. All present heard the questions and the answers. On Saturday the cottage was overflowing with people, . . . wanting to hear the strange but intelligent raps. Over 300 people heard them, and the news spread fast. Saturday night the men wanted to satisfy themselves and began to dig in the basement but had to discontinue when they struck water.

After the water in the cellar subsided, digging was resumed in an effort to locate

the peddler's body. One man walked around the cellar constantly asking "Is it here?" No raps responded until he stood in the center, then they came loud and clear. Mobs gathered and violence was threatened, and even used by a few men and women who jeered and mockingly refused to believe their former neighbor had committed this crime. But the spirit of the peddler, despite all pleading, continued to annoy this psychic family making sleep, work, rest or normal living impossible.

This is the story of the Raps at Hydesville which brought the Fox family before the world either as a group of sensational fakers seeking notoriety at the expense of every holy and beautiful impulse, or, a specially endowed and selected body of people who by their goodness, truth and simple humble faith might lead the world from darkness into light in this humble way.

True—psychic phenomena has always occurred in every clime, in every age—but here in the little Fox Cottage . . . Job's question, the question of the ages before his birth, was answered for all humanity, for all time, and PROOF given to the world that spirit persists after death and with the consciousness held at the moment of transition.



Letters to the Editor

This column is open to people who are interested in the philosophical views presented in the SERENITY SENTINEL. We solicit your comments.

Dear Sir:

I have been receiving *THE SENTINEL* for a number of years and have always enjoyed the many features provided. You have far surpassed all previous editions with the July issue. Thank you in particular for the new serializations of

The Story of Ahrinziman and A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands. I am enjoying them very much and look forward to future episodes. Thank you.
EJ

Thank you for your kind remarks. — Editor.

FABLES for young and old

THE DONKEY, THE ROOSTER, AND THE LION

A Donkey and Rooster lived peacefully and prosperously together in a farmyard. One day a Lion happened to pass by the farm. He was overjoyed to find two such plump and healthy looking animals, since he hadn't eaten for some time.

The Donkey saw the Lion coming toward them and began to tremble with fear. But when the Rooster spotted the Lion, he began to crow at the top of his lungs, hoping to bring someone to the rescue. The Lion had never heard a

Rooster crow, and the sound was such a shock to him that he quickly turned and ran. When the Donkey saw the Lion being scared off by a mere Rooster's crow, his fear suddenly left him. He started running after the Lion, laughing and calling him names.

But once they were out of sight of the farmhouse, the Lion turned sharply and put an end to the laughter and the "courageous" Donkey.

—False courage often leads to misfortune.—

BOOKS of INTEREST

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE *A Modern Classic of Spiritual Inspiration* by Ralph Waldo Trine

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